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# COLLECTIONS

# **DIE INSHURANCE BUSINESS.**

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**A SERIO-COMIC DRAMA**

**IN THE**

**PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN VERNACULAR,**

**"AS SHE IS SPOKE"**

**IN THE GERMAN DISTRICTS OF PENNSYLVANIA.**

**BY**

**E. GRUMBINE, M. D.,**

**MT. ZION, PA.**

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**PRICE, 20 CENTS.**

**Sent Post-paid by the Author on Receipt of Price. Sold also by**

**J. A. DeHuff, Bookseller, Lebanon, Pa.**

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## CHARACTERS.

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*Yokle Brownschweiger* and *Frany Brownschweiger*,—An elderly couple with a debt on their farm.

*Sallie Brownschweiger*,—Their daughter.

*Old Grandmother Aunschitz*,—Mrs. Brownschweiger's mother; a "good subject," old and sickly, rather deaf.

*Henner Hoffman*,—An old neighbor who believes in the good old times of "Lang Syne."

*Wm. Schweinfelt*,—Insurance agent for the Yubee Co. and other wild cat life insurance companies.

*Augustus Eslinger*,—A young store clerk of the village. Sallie's lover and Schweinfelt's rival.

*Dr. Fraud*,—Examining physician for the Yubee Co.

*Aby Brownschweiger* and *Ike Brownschweiger*,—Sallie's brothers, school boys.

*Yokle* ought to have about three yards of plaited corn husk, *i. e.*, half of an unsewed door mat, and, as the curtain rises he is plaiting, seated on a stool or chair, while *Ike* picks corn husks out of a basket and hands them to his "dawdy" as the latter needs them. Perhaps a spinning wheel for *Frany* would be better than sewing, or darning big woolen stockings. The costumes ought to be suitable. For *Yokle*, *Frany* and the rest of the family, farmers' ordinary clothes, but not ragged nor dirty. *Schweinfelt* should be loudly dressed—large stand up collar with a red necktie, big cuffs, etc. *Gust*, like a clerk, not quite so flashy. *Sally* ought to be the well dressed beauty of the play.



# DIE INSHURANCE BUSINESS.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Brownschweiger's sitting-room and kitchen. A family scene. Yokle smoking pipe and plaiting corn husk mat. Ike on the right picking and handing husks to him. Frany, in the center sewing, dressed in cap and white handkerchief pinned across her breast. On left, Grandmother Aunshitz in huge white cap and spectacles seated in arm-chair, scraping an apple and eating it. To her left, Sallie crocheting. Seated on the floor to the left, Abe is covering a ball. Empty chair between Yokle and Frany. Grandmother coughs a great deal.*

YOKLE. Hurry up Ike und mach die wish net so dick. War der huxhter hide do, mam?

FRANY. Yaw, den nu'midag.

YOKLE. Wie feel hen die oyer und der butter g'macht?

FRANY. Der butter is yusht 14 and die oyer yusht 16. Und du waisht das dee hinkle net orrig layia by dem kolta wedder. Alles tsomma hut yusht \$1.92 g'macht, und des mus ich hovva. Dee Sallie mus en Polenay und en hat hovva und—

ABE. O yaw, sell is der wake. Dee Sallie mus alles hovva und ich mus worta. Der shool-maishter hot hite weeder g'saut ich set en neyee cheeografee greega.

IKE. Yaw, dad, und ich mus en mental hovva.

YOKLE. Hob ich net neyee bicher grickt letsht winter?

ABE. Yaw, ovver sie missa widder all neyee greega den winter.

YOKLE. Well, boova, ich kan eich ken neyee bicher kaufa shun widder. (*Granny Coughs.*)

FRANY. Horich! 'skomt ebber. Wos net alles drunner und drivver. (*Bustles about and dusts chairs.*)

(*Enter HENNER HOFFMAN. GRANNY coughs.*)

HOFFMAN. Good novet!

YOKLE and FRANY. Denky! Nem der'n sitz, Henner. (*He seats himself near GRANNY.*)

HOFFMAN. Kalt wedder.

YOKLE. Yaw, 'sis mechtig kalt.

FRANY. Dee kelt hot aw so free awgfang den winter.

HOFFMAN. Yaw! (*To GRANNY in a loud voice.*) Wee macht's by eich als?

GRANNY. Feicht draus, is es? (*Coughs.*) I ich hob net g'wist os es ebbes runner macht!

HOFFMAN. (*Louder.*) Nay ich hob g'froagt wie deer aw komint. Sider als g'sund.

GRANNY. O, nay, ich bin schlecht—greislich schlecht. Ich hob evva den orriga hushta (*coughs*) un wer so eng. Und no bin ich so schlecht uf mina baw! Ich bin evva olt—hair aw so schlecht!

HOFFMAN. Yaw, du guksht schlecht!

GRANNY. Was? (*Coughs.*)

HOFFMAN. (*Louder.*) I, ich sawg du guksht alendig!

GRANNY. Yaw, du awe! (*Coughs.*)

HOFFMAN. (*Turning to YOKLE.*) Ich say der side busy?

FRANY. Yaw, ich hab na gsaut sie missa shoobutzer flechta oder sie derfa mir nimmy ins house met eera drekicha shtiffle.

YOKLE. Yaw, 'sdate note mer date dawg und nacht shoffa and 'swill doch net longa naryets. Bis dee wibeslitedee fashions noch g'macht hen und dee boova hen olly winter onnery bicher, bleibt ke cent ivverich bis es yore rum is.

HOFFMAN. Ich will der evva sawga wees is, Yokle. Sis nimme wee es war for olders. Dee tzeida sin nimme wee see waura. Ich mane evva 'swair noch 'sbesht won de fry shoola net in der gong komma wara. Wee ich in dee shoool gonga bin, zum olda Stoffle Bender, drunna ins Feeser's Shpringhouse, do hut mer nix gevist fun denna sacha woo see olla wile in de shoola hen. Do hut mer larna bushtaweera, no hut mer glasa im Teshtament oder Psalter, and dee woo rechla und shriva hen wella dee hen kenna, oder hens kenna bliva lossa. Swor noch en fry lond sella mole.

ABE. Hen see kay cheeografees g'shtudied sella zeit?

IKE. Und kay Mental?

HOFFMAN. Nix fun der ort. Und es hut shmartery menner und weiver gevva os es olla wile dute.

SALLIE. Yaw, ovver sella mole het der kay telegraph und kay rigglewake kot und—



ABE. Und kay may machine.

YOKLE. Abe, holt dy moul. (GRANNY *coughs*.)

HOFFMAN. All sellie dinga het mer aw allewile besser net. Wy dee ferdifelda cars hen mer dee woch widder en kolk dode g'fawra!

ABE. (*Aside*.) Sis shaud os es net der alt ux selwert war!

YOKLE.—Yaw, es mawg sei. Dee lite hen aw glaibt sell zeit. (*Works at mat*.)

HOFFMAN. Besser os allewile. Sella zeit hot mer der drom greega kenna for en levvy dee quart oder dry cent der drunk. Now wella see aim en gons weck shtimma das der orm mon ken may drinka darf. Sell is dee fryhite g'numma.

FRANY. Well, for selly fryhite bin ich net. Sgate dir wee em Irisha woo sy mommy dote gshlawga hut, wee see en henka hen wella hut er gsawt, "Sgait neemond nix awe, swaur my aig'ny mommy, und sis en fry lond!"

YOKLE. (*To IKE*.) Mach dee wish net so dick, Ike. Yaw, du husht recht, Henner. Won en mon en whisky drinka will, don lus em dee fryhite ains zu nemma oder net.

SALLIE. Won der mon's brouch, don brouch sy fraw es aw. Won du gsuffa musht warra, don mus dy oldy Betsy awe. Wee datsht du sell gleicha zu sana, Henner?

GRANNY. (*Coughs*.) Ich mus drum widder hushta!

HOFFMAN. I konsht du don nix greega for dy hushta?

GRANNY. Was?

HOFFMAN. (*Louder*.) Konsht nix usa for dy hushta?

GRANNY. I ich hob fom Redsecker seim "Balsom de Oltor" gnumma, und der Yokle hut mer mole en buttle fom Ross seim "Cod Lilver Oil—ale" gebrucht, ovver's hut kanes ken ousgekouter chaw duwak gebot (*coughs*). No is awe mul sone rumlafer do hair kumma und hot mer en buttle Humburger oder humbug droppa ferkauf—es hut awe nix gebot. Sell wor yusht so en lotwerk bree.

HOFFMAN. Ich wase won meer dee yora als es kolt so kot hen, hen meer uns tay gekucht und den dick sees g'macht mit browner zucker.

IKE. (*Aside*.) Ich wet lievr der zucker lanich!

FRANY. Ich moch 'ra olly owet tay!

GRANNY. I, ich drink tay! Olly owet en kuply fon dem Awdorn tay.

HOFFMAN. Sell is en fustraiter tay. My Betsy dut ols noch a wenig mutter-kraut dazu, und a wenig gletta wor-

zel, und a wenig shoferibba, und a wenig gricka balsam, und a wenig rusmarye—dess kucht see recht shtork und no mocht see en lot fooswasser, do dut see ols en gooty hondful fish-solz dazu, note gait see ney mit de fees bis on dee gnee, und *sell* cured der hushta !

ABE. Ich wet ovver ferdultsy leever der hushta hovva os wee so en cure nemma.

(IKE falls asleep when YOKLE shakes him.)

YOKLE. Shlofe net do, Ike !

FRANY. I, won er so shlafrig is, gebt es uf bis en onner owet und lus de boova in eera bet gay. Sallie, hole der gross-mommy eera tay, no kon see aw gay.

SALLIE. Yes, ma'am ! (Exit.)

YOKLE. Well, ick denk mer shtuppa es don. Do, doo den korb nous, boova, und der shoobutzer. (IKE and ABE exeunt with basket, etc.)

SALLIE. (Enters with a teacup in a saucer.) Do, mommy, is ira bittera tay. Er is ferleicht zu hais.

HOFFMAN. O ! wee haiser, wee besser. (GRANNY coughs.)

GRANNY. (Drinks.) Ich denk ich gay awe in's bet, und won der Henner mol fort is, ken deer aw gay. Hen der don dee deera all g'shlussa ?

YOKLE. Yaw, mir tenda zu sellem.

GRANNY. (Coughs.) Ich wot dee nocht war witter rum.

(Exits, assisted by FRANY who also exits.)

SALLIE. (Aside.) Ich wunner won der old Hoffinan fort will ! Ich expect der Gust noch den ovet. Er hut g'saut er kaimt won see der shtore zu hetta. Ich will uf der shpeicher, gucka ep noch licht im shtore is. (Exits.)

HOFFMAN. Now, wile mer lay sin mus ich der sawga ferwas ich rivver komma bin. Ich mus sell gelt hovva bis free yore.

YOKLE. Yaw, und ich hop kens. Es kosht mich feel und du waisht dee frucht holt bol nix. Alles was ich uf macha kon mus ich in dee inschurance cunpany bezawla. Du waisht ich hob en policy uf dem olda Yark Heverling. Won seller mol nivver ginkt, kent ich dich gonz bezawla, und het noch iverich.

HOFFMAN. Yaw, dar löbt so long os du. Uf sellem sy leicht kon ich net worta. Du gebst meer en judgment note oder mortgage uf en yore und no well mer's so lossa.

YOKLE. Sell doon ich net garn.

HOFFMAN. Judgment oder's gelt will ich hovva !

YOKLE. Well, loss mer zeit for decida bis dee naiksht woch.

HOFFMAN. Yaw, well. Won ich deer der Shreef shicka date graicht ich judgment, ovver sell date kushta macha.

YOKLE. Well, won ich ken \$2,000 ousmacha kon, don mus ich der judgment gevva bis dee naiksht woch.

HOFFMAN. Well, don daita mer's so mocha. Good nocht. (*Exit.*)

YOKLE. So wite is es ! Mer maint es kent net sy ! War sheer shulda fry g'vest finf yore zurick, don bin ich in dee inshurance speklation gonga, und ich bin ols weider ny komma. Und now mus ich judgment gevva oder assignee mocha. (*Pause, starts up and walks.*) Won yusht der olt Heverling dote gingt !

(*Exit with lamp. Lights down. Stage dark.*)

GUST ESLINGER. (*Sings outside. Instrumental accompaniment. AIR: "Was hat Deutschland zu Erwarten."*)

"Liebstes Schättschen, nun vor allen,  
Könnt ich immer bei dir sein,  
Thu'st am besten mir gefallen,  
Soll'st auch meine liebste sein !"

(*Enter SALLIE slowly with lamp in her hand, turned down low.*)

GUST sings—"Bist mir schöner als die Blumen,  
Bist mir süsser als der wein !  
Ach könnt ich doch zu dir kommen,  
Könnt ich immer bei dir sein !"

(*SALLIE places lamp on table, opens door. GUST enters, takes both her hands and they come down.*)

GUST. Es wor mer so bong ich graicht dich nimmy zu sana. Ich hob dei licht in deina shtup g'sana, no hob ich geglaubt du warsht shun in's bed.

SALLIE. Yaw, es is aw zeit os du drin warsht. Ich hob nimmy on dich gadenkt den ovet.

GUST. Aw, kom now, sell is net so. Du husht der gonz ovet gaguckt for mich. Ich hop eppes gabrucht. Muldo ! (*Opens a paper parcel and displays candy. They seat themselves and he places it in her lap.*) Waisht noch sell olt rhymely ?

“The rose is red, the violet’s blue,  
Candy is sweet, and so are you!” (*Kisses her.*)

SALLIE. Shemsht dich net? Wid dy ivver-ruck net ous du?

GUST. O, yo sell will ich. (*Takes off overcoat and hat. SALLIE hangs them up. He places chairs courting fashion. He turns lamp very low.*)

SALLIE. Net so niddler! Du machsts ous!

GUST. Won’s ous gait, mawgs! (*They seat themselves. He puts his arms around her and—the curtain falls.*)

## SCENE II.

*Front yard of farm house. Pump, haystacks, etc. Enter Yokle and Shwinefelt. Yokle carries a shovel, slouch hat on, pants tucked in boots. Shwinefelt in “loud” business suit—third rate style—stand up collar, etc. Both enter talking.*

SHWINEFELT. Du waisht dee zeit is uf.

YOKLE. Ich wase by henk net wos zu du! Es gelt hob ich net und ich ferleer doch net garn was ich nei bazahlt hob.

SHWINE. Well, husht nix zu ferkaufa?

YOKLE. Nay, ich hob net. Frucht hot’s kenny gevva zu sawga, un fee hob ich kanes zu shpara.

SHWINE. Well, now, ich hob en plan. Insure der olda frau eera laiva. Sie kon--

YOKLE. Wos? Insure dee Frany! Ha! ha! ha! Ich denk ich set mol eppes sawga dafoo! Wy--wy--see date mer dee shteeffle ous und date mich um shlawga mit--und dich aw!

SHWINE. Nay, du fershtaisht mich net. Ich main dee olt frau—die gonz morts olt—dy shweegern.

YOKLE. Oh! dee grosmommy! O, kutz lebdog! see is zu olt? Wy see is gabora in 1801—see is nine und seevazig yore olt (79).

SHWINE. See genkt in dee FIVE-VALLEY CO. Dort gain see ny bis 80, ovver es premium is ordlich hoch. Now, won see yusht 70 ware—hot see en daufshein?

YOKLE. Yaw.

SHWINE. Hole en mole. (*Exit YOKLE.*) Won ich yusht en policy rous greega kon fon selera olda. Lenger

os 2 yore kon see nimmy lava ufs lengsht. Ich denk ich kon es fixa. (*Enter YOKLE.*)

YOKLE. (*Handing paper.*) Do is er. Do konsht saina dos see in 1801 gabora is.

SHWINE. (*Examining paper—"daufshein."*) Now hob ich en plan. Saisht do uf dem daufshein dee figures 1801. Ous sellem shmalla null kon mer easy in ainster [1] macha, und ous em ainster [1] is es yusht so easy en nineter [9] macha. Sell bringt eera elt runner uf 66. Ne gait see in de Co. for en glay premium.

YOKLE. Yaw, ich fershtay. Ovver see—dee olt frau—doots net, bin ich bong.

SHWINE. See brouch gaur nix dafu wissa. See kon anyhow net shriva un ich kon eera kreitz (X) macha. Fershtaisht?

YOKLE. Missa ken zeiga ny?

SHWINE. O, der dukter sined's for zeiga, und ich kon noch en nama dazu shriva. Mer brauch net so pertikler sy.

YOKLE. Yaw, ovver ich hob ke gelt for dich zu bazawla.

SHWINE. Du ivversineshed dee helft fon der policy und gebst mir en exemption note for was es kosht uf en yore, no fix ich's. Dee old kon nimmy long laiva—no greega mer's gelt. Mer doon see ny for \$10,000!

YOKLE. Ich will der sawga ich drau net recht. Es kent rous kumma und—

SHWINE. Aw, was! es konnet! Grick mol dy dinta no will ich mol for en awfung den daufshein rum ducktera. [YOKLE *exit.*] So wite is es ortlich goot. Finf dausend for mich und— (*Enter YOKLE.*)

YOKLE. Ich hob evva yusht so older dinda. Dee Sallie hot bessera, ovver ich kon seller net hendig greega.

SHWINE. (*Takes out pen and alters figures.*) So! now guk mol dort! Sell doots bully. Now will ich der duckter Fraud nuff shicka. (*Both exeunt.*)

### SCENE III.

*Y. Brownshweiger's living room again. Granny Aunshitz in her arm-chair, troubled with a cough. Sallie dusting furniture. Looks out of window.*

SALLIE. Es shupt en buggy for der deer. (*Looks again.*) Sis so gwiss der duckter and seller Shwinefelt widder. Vos for business hut seller karl do, wunner ich?



Ich will hoffa see hen zunacht gessa. Ich will hite net noch mul kocha. Ich bin getired. (*Enter SHWINEFELT and DR. FRAUD.*)

DR. Good evening, Miss Sallie! Is der dad net dahame?

(*SHWINEFELT nods, etc.*)

SALLIE. Yo, er is noch in der shire. Ich will em roofa. Nemmt eich sits. (*Exit.*)

DR. (*Loud.*) Wee mochts by eich ols, grosmommy?

GRANNY. Vos?

DR. (*Louder.*) Wee mochts, etc., etc.

GRANNY. (*Coughing.*) O, orrig shlecht. Ich glaub os ich de ouszaring hob. Ich hob so en greislicher hushta! (*Enter YOKLE.*)

DR. Yocub, wee gates!

YOKLE. So, es mus gute sy!

DR. (*Seats himself near GRANNY.*) Ich will eich ebbes zuwaig mocha dos der hushta gute mocht. (*Feels pulse and looks at watch.*) Seit so gute und shtate mol uf.

GRANNY. Häh?

DR. Shtate mol uf.

GRANNY. (*With difficulty rises.*) Vos no?

DR. Ich will emol horicha wee eicr lung shoft.

GRANNY. Yaw, dee shoft nix may!

(*DR. places ear first on one side of chest then on the other. Meanwhile SHWINEFELT retires to one side of stage and converses with YOKLE.*)

SHWINEFELT. (*To YOKLE.*) Des is de besht business os du noch ny bisht. Ich bin sure os see in de Five Valley Co. gait. Der Dr. fixed de bobbeera all recht. Of course mir missa een bazawla. Er will \$25 for des, ovver sell kenna mir awe afforda zu gevva! [*To DR.*] Och, Dr., du brouchsht net so pertickler sy. Sell is shon long ganunk dorich dee motions gonga.

DR. (*To GRANNY.*) Sell doots.

GRANNY. Vos?

DR. Sell doots. Now kent der eich widder setza.

GRANNY. Denksht es wart now goot?

DR. Ich will eich eppes gevva for dee levver. De levver shoft net.

GRANNY. Vos?

DR. (*Louder.*) Ire levver shoft net recht.

GRANNY. Ferwas net? (*Enter IKE, listens.*)

DR. (*Loud.*) I, dee goll de shoft ivvershich, und



won deer shnouft, no pressed der—der—*diaphragm* uf der *duodenum* und sell mocht eich shmertza in dee *bronikle* tubes. Fershtate deer?

IKE. (*Aside.*) Gott im himmel! Wos der Dr. net so feel wase!

GRANNY. O, yaw! Sell fershtain ich wohl!

DR. Well, (*motions with fingers on palms, etc.*) now mist deer eppes hovva dos dorch der *esophagus* gait und dorch der *pyloric orifice*, no kommets in der *duodenum*, un shoft uf dee *bronikles* dorch dee *pneumogastrie nerve*. (*Spits and takes chew.*)

IKE (*Aside.*) All mechtiger! Ich hob geglaubt sell letsht date 'n ferwariga!

DR. (*Hunts in saddle-bags.*) Dorich dee *pneumogastrie nerve*—und—und—gook! do is es! des is fom Brown sina mixtures.

GRANNY. Wos! (*Coughs.*)

DR. (*Yells in her ear*) Zway tayleffle full 4 mols dogs.

GRANNY. Feer tayleffle full zway mols dogs. Yaw well.

DR. (*Louder.*) Nay, 2 tayleffle full 4 mols dogs!

GRANNY. Aw nochts?

DR. Yaw, aw 4 mol nochts!

GRANNY. Won mer ovver shloft!

DR. No nemmt mer's yusht drey (3) mole.

GRANNY. Wos?

DR. (*Louder.*) I no shloft mer!

GRANNY. O! Wos mainsht don for dem Awdorn tay for's kolt.

DR. Seller is aw goot.

GRANNY. Ich drink olly ovet en cuply foll. Derf ich grumbeera soop essa do dazu? (*Tastes medicine and sets it down. IKE sneaks up and tastes also, makes faces.*)

IKE. (*Aside.*) Es shmokt graut os wee der tay! Phuy!

DR. O, yaw! (*YOKLE and SHWIFE FELT going through a dumb show as if conversing and figuring out a problem in arithmetic.*)

SCHWINEFELT. Well, Dr., ich denk mer missa gay.

IKE. Duckter, mol do! Ich hob do so en wortzel. Waisht do wos forichy os es is! Ich glaub os des gute wair for der mawga. (*Aside.*) By sourkrout!

DR. Wo husht's grickt?

IKE. I, es woxt drous im bush. (*DR. smells at it, looks at it, bites and tastes.*)

DR. Des is fon der wisa shlonga worzel.

IKE. (*Laughing and moving off.*) Ah, ha, ha, ha, ya, ha! Sis yo en gedarrter sei shwontz! He, ha, ya, ha, ho, ho, ho!—etc. (*Curtain descends.*)

## ACT II.

(*Two yerrs are supposed to have elapsed. Costumes should be changed as to be noticed.*)

SCENE I.—*Brownshweiger's sitting room. Enter Yokle and Henner Hoffman.*

HENNER. Es mus eppes gadu sei. Du bazawlsht mer yo ken interessa may und es sayd shlecht ous.

YOKLE. Well, hob yusht noch a wennig gadult, und ferrup mich net. Ich expect es gait bol besser—

HENNER. So husht du shon long gsaut. Won's net ware os dy frau, dee Frauy, alendig ware, don het ich net so long g'wart.

YOKLE. Wart noch a wile. Ich bin sure os es all rccht wert eb long.

HENNER. Won es noch ware os wee's for yora zurick wor ep dos dee ferdulta fry shoola und may machina und oll dee socha in der gong komma sin, und du hetsht besser g'shpawrt—ovver ich will der noch 4 wocha zeit gevva. Ich mus ovver gay. (*Exit.*)

YOKLE. (*Alone.*) Won ich yusht seller Shwinefelt nee gsana het. Ich hob shon bol \$800 in dee inshurance co.'s bezawlt. Won ich selly \$800 g'used het for my intressa zu bezawla, het ich ols noch wenig ivverich kot for on der haupt sum obzumocha. Do kommt widder ainer for gelt!

(*Enter SHWINEFELT.*)

SHWINE. Well, Yacub, wee sayts ous hite? Sin widder dry (3) death-notices for dich. Dy 'sessment is \$23.75.

YOKLE. Ich hob miner sex kens. Won du es net uf holta konsht, don missa mir's fawra lossa.

SHWINE. Well, wee is dee grossmommy? Gate see net bol nivver? Ich hob net gedenkt 2 yore zurick os see so long ousholta date.

YOKLE. See is graut aye zeit wee dee onner.

SHWINE. Denksht net 'swar zeit see date nivver gay?

YOKLE. Mer darf see evva doch net dote shlawga.

SHWINE. O, nay! Ovver won mer eera Awdorn tay shtork mocha date! See kent mol shnell shtarwa, waisht, om mawga gromp, oder eppes so.

YOKLE. Wos in der welt mainisht du?

SHWINE. Du fershtaist's, denk ich. Won see dote ginkt, data meer, du und ich, \$10,000 zeaga, saysht? No ken shreef, ken assignee, ken ufbrecherye! Und see is anyhow olt genunk for op zu passa.

YOKLE. Yaw, ovver wee kent mer's macha?

SHWINE. Horich! Ich sawg deer's! Du gaisht in der shtore und gricksht 10 cent wart mice gift. Ich darf kanes kawfa. Ich hob kay mice, ich board am warts-house. Ovver du husht rotta, kansht sawga. Du bringsht meer's peckly und ich psuch eich anes fon denna ovet—sell is all—\$10,000 oder uf brecha. Wee sawgsht?

YOKLE. (*Walking back and forth.*) Ich doos!

(*Exeunt both.*)

## SCENE II.

*Small sitting room. Best room. Evening. Lamp burning. Sallie seated alone, sewing.*

SALLIE. Ich wais gar net wos lets is mit'm dad. Er is gar nimmy der mon wo er wor. Sidder os seller Shwinefelt do hare kommt will es naryets may gay. Hite is er rum g'stonna und rum gluffa os we en dummer older goul. Essa dute are nix may widers, und gshlofa hot er net feel dee letsht nocht, und dee onner nocht aw net. Es doot en ebbes mechtig druvla. (*Euter GUST.*)

GUST. Well, well, Sallie, olford busy. (*Kisses her and seats himself near.*)

SALLIE. Yaw, Gust, ich *mus* busy sy. Du waisht de mam kon nix shoffa wayga der rummadiz for so long. Und dort is dee grossmommy, und dee boova, und der dad druvelt sich so wayga eppes, und ich wase net forwos. Sis gar nimmy in unsererm house we's war. (*Bursts into tears. GUST puts arm around her, strokes her hair in a comforting manner.*)

GUST. Waisht net wos dee uresoch is, Sallie?

SALLIE. Nay, ich doo net, won's net sy shulda sin. Do is der old Hoffman, der hut getroyt zu shreefa, und no mus er so feel in dee life inshurance co. bezawla, und uf der bowerie gates gar nimmy. (*Cries.*)

GUST. Wen hot er don inshured?

SALLIE. Ich glaub os er dee grossmommy inshured hot.

GUST. O, nay, see is shon io yore zu olt. Wee olt is see anyhow? See mus 80 sy.

SALLIE. Ich hop eera daufshein hite gsayna in da shublaut. (*Goes out and returns with it.*) Do is eera elt druf. (*Both examine.*) Konsht du es Deutsch laysa?

GUST. O, yaw, do is es: "Geboren den 18ten Yooly, 1814." Sell date see yusht 67 yore olt mocha. Des is net eera daufshein, denk ich. (*Reads.*) Yo, sis. (*Examines.*) Sawg, muldo! Do sin dee ziffera ferennert, des war 1801. War hot des gadu?

SALLIE. Ich glaub os es der Shwinefelt war.

GUST. Er war nix zu gute dafor. Und denksht du dy pap druvvelt sich wayga dem?

SALLIE. Ich wase net. Ovver er est net, und shloft nimmy!

GUST. (*Gets up and walks about.*) Ich will dich net fershrecka, ovver ich hop hite gamaint, wee er im shtore wor, es war eppes lets. Un er hut en peckly mice gift kauft.

SALLIE. (*Starting up.*) Vos?

GUST. Sy yusht rooich, Ich hop's g'filt mit gips. (*Plaster of Paris.*)

SALLIE. O, my Gott, Gust! Vos soll ich mocha? Es sin dee shulda—my ormer dad! (*Wrings her hands and cries violently.*)

GUST. Hold up, Sallie. Ich will der now aw noch gooty news sawga. Ich hop hite en breef gnickt fom ma lawyer in Ohio; der shreipt dos anes fom mina unkles in sellera shtait gshtorwa is, un hot mir \$10,000 fermocht. Now, hop ich en plan; \$3,000 bezawlt dime dad sy shulda. So feel geb ich deer, und du lainsht's eem. Und ich denk, mit em ivvericha, könne ich und du awfonga housa.

SALLIE. Oh! Gust. No ferlongsht du mich nimmy.

GUST. Vos? Won ich a hunnert douset het date ich es all gevva for dich! (*Kisses her, she cries on his shoulder.*) Kum, kum, Sallie! Hile net, mer wella nivver zu der onnera gay und wella eena unser plan sawga. (*Exeunt.*)

## SCENE III.

*Same as first. Yokle and Shwinefelt seated on right. Granny on left. In center, by her side is a small table on which are a cup and saucer. Ike and Abe have books. Frany in an armchair with pillows under head on extreme left. Two empty chairs near C. Granny coughs. Shwinefelt rises, and, while talking to Granny, empties a folded paper into her teacup. While so occupied, Gust and Sallie appear at left entrance, stop, and see him do it.*

SHWINEFELT. Deer seit ols aye zeit wee dee onner.  
(*Empties paper into cup on the sly.*)

GRANNY. Yaw, und nee net gute. Ich hop evva ols den hushta! (*Coughs.*)

SHWINE. Sis evva aw so feicht wedder.

GRANNY. Wos? (*Enter GUST and SALLIE and see the act.*)

SHWINE. So feicht is es drous. (To YOKLE.) Wos zeit is es shun. Ich denk ich mus bol uf der wake for hame.

IKE. (*Coughing.*) Ich hop aw der hushta. Gust, husht ken lickerish-ball?

ABE. I, drink fon der mommy eererm Awdorn tay.

FRANY. Yaw, sell date ich, Ike.

YOKLE. Sell is net feel wart. (*Sharply.*)

FRANY. Yo es is. Ike, drink mole, und no gay in's bet. Dee Sallie holt der mommy no noch may.

(*IKE gets up, takes cup and drinks.*)

YOKLE. (*Starting up.*) Drink net. (*Excitedly.*) Drink sell net.

IKE. Yaw, ich hop getrunka! (*Spits.*) Wos der difle is do hin in dem tay? (*Spits, etc.*)

YOKLE. (*Distractedly.*) Gift, mice gift! Grickt millich! (*Runs out for milk. Confusion all around.*)

IKE. Gift! Gott im Himmel! Bin ich fergift!

FRANY. O, Gott! O, Gott! Wee is don des ny komma?

IKE. O, my! O, my! Macht's mich dote? Herr Yesses! Es shoft shon. Ooh! Hooo! (*Holds stomach with both hands, bends down, etc.*) Gate ebber for der duckter. Oh! Hooo!—es shoft shon orig. O, ich grickt now bol shmartza—won ich—es brent—ach!—ich! Helt mer doch—holed ebber millich—kee warmy millich!



SALLIE. (*Goes to him.*) Es war kay gift. Sy yusht ruich. Es war nix os gips.

IKE. We waisht's, Sallie? O, ich glaub os es gift war. O! was es zuckt! (*More business.*)

SHWINE. (*Aside.*) Dummer older difle! Olles ferdorwa. (*Attempts to exit when GUST steps before him with a drawn pistol which he holds to SHWINEFELT'S head.*)

GUST. Net so shtorik. Sits dich noch a wile. Sis noch net so shpote.

SALLIE. Sy yusht ruich, Ike, es dute der nix.

YOKLE. (*Rushing in with a tin full of milk which he sets down before GRANNY and shouts.*) Do is seesy millich.

GRANNY. See is gute. (*Takes it and drinks it.*)

YOKLE. O, my kindt! my kindt!

GUST. Er is all recht. Es wor gips in sellem bobbeer und shunsht nix. Ich fershtay olles. Do is der kerl wo des ding g'shtart hut, und ich hob's en sayna in der tay doo. Now, hob ich eem por wortu zu sawga. Im ershta blotz, rous mit sella inshurance policies.

SHWINE. Do sin see. (*Hands them out.*)

GUST. Do, Ike, ferise see. (*IKE does so.*) Now, Shwinefelt, clear the patch! Los dich nimmy in Lebanon Co. sayna, oder ich arrest dich for zu brovera dee gross-mommy zu fergifta. Ich kon olles proofa. Now nous mit der. Ike und Abe, geb eem farrywell. (*IKE and ABE kick him out of center entrance.*) Now, dad, horich a mole. Los dy finger ous der inshurance business. Kum in unser cumpeny. Ich und dee Sallie shtarta en cumpeny, capital \$10,000, ganunk for der old Henner ob zu flicka. Net so, Sallie? (*SALLIE takes her place by his side.*)

GRANNY. Des is besser for my hushta os ich noch eppes kot hop.

FRANY. Yaw, es cured aw my rummadiz, glaub ich.

IKE. Und my bouch!

GRANNY. (*Granny rises and stretches out her hands.*) Liebe kinncr. Empfongt my säga!

(*Tableau.*)

IKE. FRANY. YOKLE. GRANNY. GUST. SALLIE. ABE.

CURTAIN.





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